

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12  
DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30  
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1989

**Alberta**  
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION  
ENGLISH 30**

**PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)**

**READINGS BOOKLET**

**GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS**

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.**

**YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.**

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

**JANUARY 1989**

Grade 12 Diploma Examination  
English 12  
Writing Multiple Choice  
Reading Multiple Choice  
General Instructions  
You have 1 hour to complete this examination.  
You may not use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.  
Be sure that you have an English 12 question booklet and an  
English 12 response booklet.  
You have 1 hour to complete this examination.  
You may not use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.  
Be sure that you have an English 12 question booklet and an  
English 12 response booklet.

Grade 12 Diploma Examination  
English 12  
Writing Multiple Choice  
Reading Multiple Choice  
General Instructions  
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Be sure that you have an English 12 question booklet and an  
English 12 response booklet.

I. Read "The Spadefoot Toad" and answer questions 1 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

### THE SPADEFOOT TOAD

After the storms pass and the flash floods have dumped their loads of silt into the Colorado, leaving the streambeds as arid as they were before, it is still possible to find rainwater in the desert. All over the slickrock country there are natural cisterns or potholes, tubs, tanks, and basins sculptured in the soft sandstone by the erosive force of weathering, wind and sand. Many of them serve as little catchment basins during rain and a few may contain water for days or even weeks after a storm, the length of time depending on the shape and depth of the hole and the consequent rate of evaporation.

Often far from any spring, these temporary pools attract doves, ravens and other birds, and deer and coyotes; you, too, if you know where to look or find one by luck, can slake your thirst and fill your water gourd. Such pools may be found in what seem like the most improbable places: out on the desolate White Rim below Grandview Point, for example, or on top of the elephant-back dome above the Double Arch. At Toroweap in Grand Canyon I found a deep tank of clear sweet water almost over my head, countersunk in the summit of a sandstone bluff which overhung my campsite by a hundred feet. A week after rain there was still enough water there to fill my needs; hard to reach, it was well worth the effort. The Bedouin<sup>1</sup> know what I mean.

The rain-filled potholes, set in naked rock, are usually devoid of visible plant life but not of animal life. In addition to the inevitable microscopic creatures there may be certain amphibians like the spadefoot toad. This little animal lives through dry spells in a state of estivation<sup>2</sup> under the dried-up sediment in the bottom of a hole. When the rain comes, if it comes, he emerges from the mud singing madly in his fashion, mates with the handiest female and fills the pool with a swarm of tadpoles, most of them doomed to a most ephemeral existence. But a few survive, mature, become real toads, and when the pool dries up they dig into the sediment as their parents did before, making burrows which they seal with mucus in order to preserve that moisture necessary to life. There they wait, day after day, week after week, in patient spadefoot torpor, perhaps listening — we can imagine — for the sound of raindrops pattering at last on the earthen crust above their heads. If it comes in time the glorious cycle is repeated; if not, this particular colony of *Bufo*<sup>3</sup> is reduced eventually to dust, a burden on the wind.

Rain and puddles bring out other amphibia, even in the desert. It's a strange, stirring, but not uncommon thing to come on a pool at night, after an evening of thunder and lightning and a bit of rainfall, and see the frogs clinging to the edge of their impermanent pond, bodies immersed in water but heads out, all croaking away in tricky counterpoint. They are windbags: with each croak the pouch under the frog's chin swells like a bubble, then collapses.

Why do they sing? What do they have to sing about? Somewhat apart from one another, separated by roughly equal distances, facing outward from the water,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup> Bedouin — nomadic Arabs of the Arabian, Syrian, or North African deserts

<sup>2</sup> estivation — inactivity



they clank and croak all through the night with tireless perseverance. To human ears their music has a bleak, dismal, tragic quality, dirgelike rather than jubilant. It may nevertheless be the case that these small beings are singing not only to claim their stake in the pond, but also out of spontaneous love and joy, a contrapuntal  
45 choral celebration of the coolness and wetness after weeks of desert fire, for love of their own existence, however brief it may be, and for joy in the common life.

Has joy any survival value in the operations of evolution? I suspect that it does; I suspect that the morose and fearful are doomed to quick extinction. Where  
50 there is no joy there can be no courage; and without courage all other virtues are useless. Therefore the frogs, the toads, keep on singing even though we know, if they don't, that the sound of their uproar must surely be luring all the snakes and ringtail cats and kit foxes and coyotes and great horned owls toward the scene of their happiness.

What then? A few of the little amphibians will continue their metamorphosis  
55 by way of the nerves and tissues of one of the higher animals, in which process the joy of one becomes the contentment of the second. Nothing is lost, except an individual consciousness here and there, a trivial perhaps even illusory phenomenon. The rest survive, mate, multiply, burrow, estivate, dream, and rise again. The rains will come, the potholes shall be filled. Again. And again. And again.

*Edward Abbey*

II. Read "The Story of an Hour" and answer questions 10 to 17 from your Questions Booklet.

THE STORY OF AN HOUR

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will — as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed

*Continued*



every inch of her body.

45 She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread  
50 her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the  
55 act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him — sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

60 “Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door — you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

65 “Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a  
70 shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

75 Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

80 But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease — of joy that kills.

*Kate Chopin*



III. Read the excerpt from *A Man For All Seasons* and answer questions 18 to 27 from your Questions Booklet.

from *A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS*, Act I, Scene iv

CHARACTERS:

Sir Thomas More – chief adviser to King Henry VIII

Alice – wife of Sir Thomas More

Margaret – daughter of Sir Thomas More

Roper – Margaret's fiancé

Rich – secretary to the Duke of Norfolk

*Setting: home of Sir Thomas More*

*Sir Thomas More has refused to support the King in the controversy over the King's wish to divorce his wife and marry Anne Boleyn. In this scene, Rich informs More that Cromwell, legal adviser to the King, has been spying on More with the intent of proving More's disloyalty to both the King and the Pope.*

**RICH** (*Draws close to MORE and speaks hurriedly*): Cromwell is asking questions. About you. About you particularly. (*MORE is unmoved.*) He is continually collecting information about you!

**MORE**: I know it. (*STEWARD begins to slide out.*) Stay a minute, Matthew.

5 **RICH** (*Pointing*): That's one of his sources!

**MORE**: Of course; that's one of my servants.

**RICH** (*Hurried, low voice again*): Signor Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador —

**MORE**: Collects information too. That's one of his functions. (*He looks at RICH very gravely.*)

10 **RICH** (*Voice cracking*): You look at me as though I were an enemy!

**MORE** (*Puts out a hand to steady him*): Why, Richard, you're shaking.

**RICH**: I'm adrift. Help me.

**MORE**: How?

**RICH**: Employ me.

15 **MORE**: No.

**RICH** (*Desperately*): Employ me!

**MORE**: No!

**RICH** (*Moves swiftly to exit; turns there*): I would be steadfast!

**MORE**: Richard, you couldn't answer for yourself even so far as tonight.

20 (*Exit RICH. All watch him; the others turn to MORE, their faces alert.*)

**ROPER**: Arrest him.

**ALICE**: Yes!

**MORE**: For what?

**ALICE**: He's dangerous!

25 **ROPER**: For libel; he's a spy.

*Continued*

- ALICE:** He is! Arrest him!
- MARGARET:** Father, that man's bad.
- MORE:** There is no law against that.
- ROPER:** There is! God's law!
- 30 **MORE:** Then God can arrest him.
- ROPER:** Sophistication upon sophistication!
- MORE:** No, sheer simplicity. The law, Roper, the law. I know what's legal not what's right. And I'll stick to what's legal.
- ROPER:** Then you set Man's law above God's!
- 35 **MORE:** No far below; but let me draw your attention to a fact — I'm *not* God. The currents and eddies of right and wrong, which you find such plain-sailing, I can't navigate, I'm no voyager. But in the thickets of the law, oh there I'm a forester. I doubt if there's a man alive who could follow me there, thank God. . . . (*He says this to himself.*)
- 40 **ALICE** (*Exasperated, pointing after RICH*): While you talk, he's gone!
- MORE:** And go he should if he was the Devil himself until he broke the law!
- ROPER:** So now you'd give the Devil benefit of law!
- MORE:** Yes. What would you do? Cut a great road through the law to get after the Devil?
- 45 **ROPER:** I'd cut down every law in England to do that!
- MORE** (*Roused and excited*): Oh? (*Advances on ROPER.*) And when the last law was down, and the Devil turned round on you — where would you hide, Roper, the laws all being flat? (*Leaves him.*) This country's planted thick with laws from coast to coast — Man's laws, not God's — and if you cut
- 50 them down — and you're just the man to do it — d'you really think you could stand upright in the winds that would blow then? (*Quietly.*) Yes, I'd give the Devil benefit of law, for my own safety's sake.
- ROPER:** I have long suspected this; this is the golden calf; the law's your god.
- MORE** (*Wearily*): Oh, Roper, you're a fool, God's my god. . . . (*Rather bitter.*)
- 55 But I find him rather too (*very bitter*) subtle . . . I don't know where he is nor what he wants.
- ROPER:** My god wants service, to the end and unremitting; nothing else!
- MORE** (*Dry*): Are you sure that's God? — He sounds like Moloch.<sup>1</sup>
- 60 But indeed it may be God — And whoever hunts for me, Roper, God or Devil, will find me hiding in the thickets of the law! And I'll hide my daughter with me! Not hoist her up the mainmast of your seagoing principles! They put about too nimbly!
- (*Exit MORE. They all look after him. MARGARET touches ROPER'S hand.*)
- MARGARET:** Oh, that was harsh.
- 65 **ROPER** (*Turning to her, serious*): What's happened here?
- ALICE** (*Still with her back to them, her voice strained*): He can't abide a fool, that's all! Be off!
- ROPER** (*To MARGARET*): Hide you. Hide you from what?
- ALICE** (*Turning, near to tears*): He said nothing about hiding me you noticed!
- 70 I've got too fat to hide I suppose!
- MARGARET:** You know he meant us both.
- ROPER:** But from what?
- ALICE:** I don't know. I don't know if he knows. He's not said one simple, direct

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup> Moloch — a punishing pagan idol



word to me since this divorce came up. It's not God who's gone subtle! It's him!  
75 *(Enter MORE, a little sheepish. Goes to ROPER.)*  
**MORE** *(Kindly)*: Roper, that was harsh: your principles are — *(Can't resist sending him up)* excellent — the very best quality. *(ROPER bridles. Contrite.)* No truly now, your principles are fine. *(Indicating stairs, to all.)* Look, we must make a start on all that food.  
80 **MARGARET**: Father, can't you be plain with us?  
**MORE** *(Looks quickly from daughter to wife. Takes ALICE'S hand)*: I stand on the wrong side of no statute, and no common law. *(Takes MARGARET'S hand too.)* I have not disobeyed my sovereign. I truly believe no man in England is safer than myself. And I want my supper. *(He starts them up the stairs and goes to ROPER.)*  
85 *We shall need your assistance, Will. There's an excellent Burgundy — if your principles permit.*  
**ROPER**: They don't, sir.  
**MORE**: Well, have some water in it.  
**ROPER**: Just the water, sir.  
90 **MORE**: My poor boy.  
**ALICE** *(Stopping at head of stairs, as one who will be answered)*: Why does Cromwell collect information about you?  
**MORE**: I'm a prominent figure. Someone somewhere's collecting information about Cromwell. Now no more shirking; we must make a start. *(Shepherding ROPER up the stairs.)*  
95 *There's a stuffed swan if you please. (ALICE and MARGARET exit above.)* Will, I'd trust *you* with my life. But not your principles. *(They mount the stairs.)* You see, we speak of being anchored to our principles. But if the weather turns nasty you up with an anchor and let it down where there's less wind, and the fishing's better. And 'look' we say 'I'm anchored!' *(Laughing, inviting ROPER to laugh with him.)*  
100 *'To my principles!'*  
*(Exit above, MORE and ROPER.)*

Robert Bolt

IV. Read the Prologue from *King Henry the Fifth* and answer questions 28 to 36 from your Questions Booklet.

from KING HENRY THE FIFTH, Act II

*Urged on by his advisers and a jesting insult from the French prince, King Henry V of England has determined to establish his right to the throne of France.*

**PROLOGUE.** (*Flourish. Enter CHORUS.*)

**CHORUS:** Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man;  
5 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.<sup>1</sup>  
For now sits Expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
10 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry<sup>2</sup> and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear and with pale policy  
15 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!  
20 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men —  
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
25 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,  
Have, for the gilt of France — O guilt indeed! —  
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die —  
If hell and treason hold their promises,  
30 Ere he take ship for France — and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
Th' abuse of distance, force a play.  
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
The King is set from London, and the scene

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Mercuries — from Roman mythology, Mercury, messenger god

<sup>2</sup>Harry — King Henry V



35 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;  
There is the play-house now, there must you sit,  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
40 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *Exit.*

*William Shakespeare*

V. Read “Sakharov In Exile” and answer questions 37 to 44 from your Questions Booklet.

SAKHAROV<sup>1</sup> IN EXILE

I am not getting any better. The fever runs  
beneath my blood's current, always there  
in the flow of cells and plasma.

- 5 Always, my head aches slightly, I tire too fast.  
The appropriate season declines to come on time,  
declines to let me out of the body  
that fevers, shivers.  
I get no better, I get no worse.

- The body is a prison. When I feel well  
10 I will say, the body is a prism, and I'll look  
through the illusion of flesh to scatterings  
of particles, catch them in their rainbow dance.  
I will say, the body is a metaphor  
for light in context, sound in order  
15 mind in ecstasy. I'll say  
this body is my creation, I am its god.

- My wife is sympathetic. It's better to be ill  
when you're imprisoned. You haven't the energy to resist.  
You fail to notice bars, the locks, the guards.  
20 Someone else will watch the door,  
care if the mail comes uncensored,  
shut the bedroom window on cold nights.  
I don't care. My wife can have the bother.

*Kate Bitney*

<sup>1</sup> Sakharov — a political activist exiled from Moscow for his repeated criticism of the Soviet government



VI. Read the excerpt from *Chronicles of Wasted Time* and answer questions 45 to 52 from your Questions Booklet.

from CHRONICLES OF WASTED TIME

*The following is an excerpt from the autobiographical memoirs of the English writer Malcolm Muggeridge, describing his time in India prior to Indian independence in 1947.*

Always [India], when I arrived there, turned out to be a smallish place, little more than a village, though with a large Roman Catholic college dominating the view from the railway station. Now it has become quite a centre of new industries. I was met and taken to the Union Christian College some three miles away. The  
5 College was on top of a stony hill, a cluster of buildings barely finished, in one of which, a students' hostel, I had a room furnished with a bed and a table and chair and an oil lamp. There was also a primitive shower and a lavatory of sorts. Though the term had not yet begun, some of the students were already in residence, and gathered round in a semi-circle to watch me unpack. Their steady gaze was  
10 a little unnerving, and in their white *mundus*, with their dark faces and, in the case of the Brahmins, weird hair-dos, they had a strange air, especially as they maintained total silence, only smiling when I addressed them. This, as I found out afterwards, was because they could not understand my way of speaking English, having learnt the language — in so far as they could be said to have learnt it —  
15 from Indian teachers.

My life at Always soon got into a sort of routine. I had a servant, or bearer, named Kuruvela, who brought me tea early, about six o'clock. Then I would go for a swim in the river. Already the students would be washing and squatting about the hillside. After breakfast, classes began. My subject was English, and my  
20 sheet-anchor was a book known as Little Dowden, a brief history of English Literature by a Victorian clergyman of that name. From Little Dowden I was able to hold forth about, say, the Lake Poets, or Milton, or Restoration comedy; indeed, on almost any theme in the Eng. Lit. rubric. Little Dowden provided not only the information but often the actual phrases I used. Thus I would say, as though it  
25 had just occurred to me: "Dryden found English brick and left it marble." The students would copy this down, and no doubt find some means of bringing it in, whatever the question, when they came to sit their examinations. They copied down pretty well everything I said, and afterwards learnt it by heart, so that one could actually hear them chanting it like some weird liturgy as they walked up  
30 and down — "Dryden found English brick and left it marble . . . found English marble . . . left it brick . . ."

I did everything in my power to stimulate the nationalist fervour of the students, seeing myself as a Garibaldi or Byron come among them to help them recover the freedom that was their birthright, and that British rule had taken from  
35 them. I adopted Indian dress, wore *kadi* — the homespun cloth which Gandhi advocated — tortured myself by sitting cross-legged on the ground and sleeping without a mattress; risked catching hook-worm by walking barefoot, and ate Indian food off a plantain leaf with my hands, acquiring some facility at moulding rice into little balls and aiming them neatly into my mouth. I even managed to simulate

*Continued*

40 certain characteristic Indian gestures; as spreading out my hands with a look of profound disgust to indicate that I did not want another helping, or shaking my head from side to side instead of nodding up and down, to signify agreement.

A visit to the College by Gandhi in the course of a tour of Travancore gave a great impetus to Swarajist<sup>1</sup> sentiment among the students and staff. I went down  
45 to the railway station to see him arrive; a vast crowd, at least ten thousand strong, had already assembled there. They had trudged in on foot from surrounding villages, nearly all of them peasants; in some cases, whole families. I wondered what had drawn them, what exactly they expected to see. Their faces provided no clue: from their expressions they might just have been waiting for a train for themselves  
50 rather than for a Mahatma.<sup>2</sup> When Gandhi's train came, there was a stir; but mostly among students from the College, while a little group of local notables who had brought garlands with them took up action stations. The others remained largely impassive. Gandhi was sitting cross-legged in a third-class compartment, his curious gargoyle face showing no special awareness of the crowd and the  
55 notables and the cheers of the students. When he stepped down on to the platform there was a concerted movement to take the dust of his feet. All those thousands of people surging forward to get near enough to him just for that, to take his dust; then tramping back the miles they had come, padding silently along the dusty village tracks. Certainly, they were not Swarajist zealots. Nor were they uplifted  
60 by Gandhi's championship of cottage industries and hand-woven cloth; in their primitive economy, a spinning-wheel such as Gandhi recommended would have been as unattainable as a Rolls-Royce car. He drew them to him, I decided, because he gave them a feeling that they mattered; that they, too, existed in the scheme of things, and were not just helots,<sup>3</sup> extras in a drama which did not  
65 concern them. This was why they saw him as a Mahatma, and took the dust of his feet.

When Gandhi caught sight of some untouchables in a sort of roped-off enclosure, he went and joined them, and started singing with them what sounded like a rather lugubrious hymn, to the obvious consternation of the notables with the garlands.  
70 Later he addressed the students in the same classroom where I had taken them through Little Dowden. But how different a scene! He spoke very quietly, in English, of which he had a subtle and discriminating command, but the effect on the students was terrific. They jumped up and down shouting "*Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai! Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!*," their eyes glowing and the dreadful inertia of  
75 our excursion through *Sesame and Lilies*, our mournful celebration of Dryden finding English brick and leaving it marble, all obliterated and forgotten. I would scarcely have known them; they were transformed. In this case, of course, it was nationalism that enthused them.

*Malcolm Muggeridge*

<sup>1</sup> Swarajist — refers to those who sought independence through nonviolent means

<sup>2</sup> Mahatma — a person to be revered for high-mindedness, wisdom, and selflessness

<sup>3</sup> helots — serfs



VII. Read “Sisters” and answer questions 53 to 61 from your Questions Booklet.

SISTERS

My sister and I when we were close together  
Clear to each other  
Used to slide down beneath the river surface  
And in a twist of current see the race  
5 Of water break us from our sunny grace.

Wavering, shattered, glimmering each saw  
No happy girl she knew  
But underwater strangeness, shift and flaw,  
Until the bubbles of our laughter drew  
10 Us bursting up to the air.

Then we lay bare  
And sure and shapely in each other's eyes —  
We who no more to certainty can rise

But caught submerged in current of the years  
15 See, wavering, each a shape that never clears.

*Dorothy Roberts*

VIII. Read “Camera” and answer questions 62 to 68 from your Questions Booklet.

CAMERA

Light disperses the silver  
On film in the shadow  
And memory is trapped  
In the blink of an eyelash;  
5 The kiss, the laugh, the poised hoof  
Are framed in the square of an instant.  
A century ago Daguerre<sup>1</sup> dipped a pencil  
In the eye of the sun  
And etched an image of man  
10 On the surface of metal,  
Making the past present  
And dead men to linger,  
Pursuing the living  
With love from the lintel.<sup>2</sup>  
15 Memory clings to the wall;  
Bent sapling, hair blowing,  
Mast bent to the starboard  
The wind forever in motion,  
Because Time stumbled in darkness  
20 On a splinter of light.

*A. M. Sullivan*

<sup>1</sup>Daguerre — a French painter and inventor of a method of photography

<sup>2</sup> lintel — the crossbeam over a door or window, above which pictures are hung

**IX. Read the excerpt from *The Mountain and the Valley* and answer questions 69 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.**

**from THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY**

David ran past Ellen in the kitchen, and upstairs. His mother heard him tearing up to the attic. "David," she called, "did you clean off your boots?"

He didn't answer.

5 His dishevelled face showed in the new mirror. It was as shockingly bright as a face feeding on a forbidden book. He tore off his old clothes. He put on his new suit and got his twenty dollars from the matchbox in the bureau drawer. He didn't take anything else. The lettering on his calculus text caught in his eyes like something dead lying there with its face uncovered. He didn't look back as he went out the door.

10 "David," Martha called again as she heard him coming down, "now look at that mud. And I just scrubbed them stairs!" He didn't answer.

He didn't feel his fatigue as he ran down the road. He ran down the long hill, and along the spring-cool road to town. The propulsion of the anger transcended the physical process of tiring. He had one complete thought amongst the tumbling  
15 phrases of feeling: I'm going to Halifax, where Toby and Anna are. The things he passed had no familiar voice. They were like objects seen from a train window.

He stopped running, to wash his face and hands in the brook. When he started on again he walked.

And then time stopped running with him and settled back into its own pace.  
20 The clamour of the anger began to drop too, and its suspension of all other voices. The trees and the road settled back into their familiar places.

The clauses of his thoughts tumbled slower in his mind, like the final revolutions of the barrel churn after the foot had been taken from the pedal. The fragments that belonged together joined, as kernels of butter precipitate and gather: It was  
25 sixteen miles to town. It was four o'clock. There would be no train until tomorrow. Where would he stay tonight? He had nothing but his good suit and twenty dollars. What would he tell Anna? It would be hard to tell Anna he was never going to write home. It would be hard to ask her never to mention his name to them again . . .

30 He didn't hear the car until the horn blew, right behind him. He started. The glance of the strange faces seemed to precipitate his own face suddenly, reassemble it. It was the final touch of invalidation to the dying anger.

"Can you tell us how far we are from Newbridge?" the woman said.

"About sixteen miles," he said.

35 "Thank you."

He knew from the way she smiled and spoke that they were city people. She smiled as if it were an *outside* gesture, like a movement of hands or feet. This was a bigger car than any of the town cars. These were the people the town people tried to imitate. They had that immunity from surprise the town people  
40 could never quite catch. That automatic ease. These were city people. They looked as if they didn't *know* they were in a fine car, as if they didn't *know* they were dressed up. Their eyes were like a dog's eyes in the heat. They took little bites

*Continued*



out of whatever they looked at, lazily, without tasting.

45 “Sixteen more miles of this road, dear,” she said to the man. “Of our short cut!” She didn’t look at him directly.

“Sixteen, eh?” the man said.

He knew they were city people the way they spoke to each other. There was no question-and-answer about it; no word louder for meaning’s sake than any other. The speaker didn’t glance at the silent one to see if his silence meant disinterest  
50 or anything wrong. The man didn’t look silly (or any way at all) when she called him “dear.” She said the word as if it might be his name.

He knew how they did it, because he could do it exactly the same way.

The man stepped on the starter.

55 “Are you going far?” the woman said.

The musical languor of her voice made her questions all sound like statements. She kept speaking for the man, as his mother would never have done for his father; though it was plain that for the man she was only an annexation. These were city people. They didn’t seem to permeate each other all the time, like his mother and father did. They were merely sitting there side by side.

60 “I’m going to Newbridge,” David said.

“Well come *along* then,” she said.

“Thank you very much,” David said.

He wiped his feet carefully before getting into the back seat. He thought: I am wiping off my feet. I left mud all over Mother’s stairs. She had just scrubbed  
65 them. He almost hated these people.

When the car was in motion again, the woman swung sideways in her seat. She cuddled her legs as if she were in a chair. Her smile came again, automatically with the movement of her body.

“Do you live here?” she said.

70 “Yes,” he said.

I mean, I *did* live here, he thought. He had never seen so clearly how the field sloped up behind the barn. You could lie in the grass and, squinting your eyes, make the mountain come as small and close as you liked. He had never felt so plainly the arching of his bare toes on the hay stubble . . . or heard so sharply  
75 his father’s voice that night they were all lost. . . .

The trees were moving again now. He felt as if he were in a train, being carried beyond his destination.

“Do you work in Newbridge?” the woman said.

The trees fled by. “I am going to Halifax,” he said.

80 “Oh, *are* you?” she said.

He could see her glancing at his father in the dooryard as she passed, commenting casually to the man beside her and then selecting, as if the landscape were on a tray, something else to look at. He saw the fraying of his father’s sweater at the cuffs.

85 She faced front again. She had established, with a few words, his being there in the back seat; that circumstance could lie relaxed now, without further attention.

The trees went by. “Excuse me,” David said, “but around that next turn is usually a bit of a morass.”

90 The woman looked at him suddenly. She might have mistaken him all along for someone else. Then she glanced directly at her husband.

The man glanced back over his shoulder for the first time. “What education

*Continued*

have you got?" he said abruptly.

"Matriculation," David said, "and some college texts I've studied myself."

95 "Really!" the woman said. "What are you going to do in Halifax? Where are you going to stay?"

"I have a sister there," David said.

"Oh?" She spoke as if Anna were irrelevant.

"Has your family *always* lived here?" the man said.

100 "Yes," he said. "My grandfather came out first with the governor's party, when he was quite young . . . and then, heaven knows why, came back later and took up a grant of land." He didn't thrust out the implication that they weren't quite the ordinary people they might seem. He planted it, as they would, under a light cover of amusement.

"*Did* he!" the woman said. "I think that's very interesting."

105 "Why don't you look us up in Halifax?" the man said. "I might have something for you in the office."

"We live in Halifax," the woman said. "We have a son about your age. He's taller than Ted, isn't he, darling, but really they look a little *alike*, don't you think?"

110 Now they weren't feeding on him with desultory questions, without stirring outside themselves. They were *communicating* with him. They were all talking together as if they were all alike. He talked to them their way. There was nothing angular about their speech. They laughed as if they *decided* how much anything should amuse them.

115 He talked with them as they talked . . . with a bright chording soreness in his heart. It was like the time he'd broken the bobsled his father had made him, coasting. He'd said things to make the other boys laugh harder than he'd ever been able to make them laugh before, as he finished smashing it, deliberately and utterly, on the Big Rock.

120 "Now look us up, won't you?" the man said again. "Write down the address, Clare. There's a pad in the side pocket."

"Thank you," David said. "I certainly shall."

125 The woman was writing down the address. The trees sped by. He thought of having used words like "shall" against his father, who had none of his own to match them or to defend himself with.

"Oh," he said suddenly. "I'm terribly sorry . . . but could you let me out? I forgot something. I have to go back."

"Oh," the woman said, "Stop, dear. What a *shame*."

130 The man glanced at his wrist watch. He looked up and down the road. There was no place to turn.

"We could wait," he said, "fifteen, twenty minutes . . ."

"No, please don't," David said. "Thank you very much." He was opening the door.

135 "But if you're going to Halifax," the woman said, "how will you get back to Newbridge? Will you have to walk?"

"I'll manage it somehow," David said.

"Now, aren't we stupid?" the woman exclaimed. "You could drive right to Halifax *with* us. Of course we'll wait."

140 "No, please don't," David said. "It might take me quite a while. Thank you very much, though."

He watched them out of sight. He looked toward home. He felt as if he

*Continued*

were in a no man's land. He felt as if he must leap somewhere out of the now, but everywhere it was now.

145 He thought of the woman's idling glance at his father sawing alone, and he thought of the time in town he'd wished his father would put on his coat so the sweat marks beneath his braces wouldn't show. He thought of the time the men had laughed when he crouched back from the ox and his father had said, "Davie ain't scared of him, *are* ya, Dave. Pat him" . . . taking his hand though, first. He thought of the woman's hands as she wrote out the address so smoothly, and 150 he thought of his mother's hands calculating so clumsily the cost of linoleum for a room. He thought of her, tired, scrubbing the stair steps all over again. He thought of the woman cataloguing Anna as just anybody, and he thought of him and Anna going there sometime maybe, and Anna behaving almost the right way but not quite. He thought of his grandmother, and he thought how often he'd made 155 plans for his future in her presence, for years when she knew she couldn't possibly still be there.

He saw all their faces cameo-clear as remembered faces of the newly dead.

He looked both ways up and down the road. Then he turned and began to walk toward home. It was like the time in school when he'd made the page of 160 5's perfect beyond possible repetition — and then spilt ink all over the page. He'd begun again on a new page; but each figure he formed he drew his lips tight as he pressed on the pencil. Its imprint was on his very quick.

He came to the bridge. He could see the house again. The ash of the quarrel, of blows given and felt, was tamped down physically into his flesh. The soreness 165 was drawn out wire-thin, pendant at the corners of his lips. Suddenly he put his head into the only place left to hide: the crook of his elbow along the rail of the bridge. He began to sob. He sobbed because he could neither leave nor stay. He sobbed because he was neither one thing nor the other.

*Ernest Buckler*



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